E. Haldeman-Julius—*By William J. Fielding*

THE Nation

May 10, 1952

Presidential Poll Results

Analysis of The Nation's *Ballot*

Labor Views the Campaigns

BY HUGO ERNST

*

Italy, the Vatican, and American Catholics

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

*

Groupthink on Groupthink *by* Dawn Powell

MAY 7 1952

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Operation Albacore

San Francisco

LAST September, while the Japanese peace treaty was being signed in San Francisco, hundreds of albacore (tuna) fishing boats, bedecked in gala bunting and with loud-speakers blaring, paraded in the bay publicizing what they charged was the first result of Secretary Acheson's "soft peace"—ruin of the American tuna industry. The fishermen demanded a tariff on the frozen fish from Japan—and Peru—that was flooding the home market at $225 a ton. Actually $225 would not cover the bare cost of operation of American boats.

Tuna fishermen have engaged in a perennial running battle with the big canners over price, though as late as 1949 they were able to get $750 a ton for their fish. The price had dropped to less than half that by the beginning of the 1951 season, and then the duty-free imported tuna knocked the bottom out.

The Fishermen's Union, since 1949 an affiliate of Harry Bridges's International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (I. L. W. U.), had for years tried through organization to equalize the bargaining relationship between the small boat-owners and the packers. Its efforts were blocked several years ago when the federal government pressed a damaging restraint-of-trade case against the union, which it accused of fixing the selling price to canners.

At the start of the 1951 season John Pastorino, secretary of Fishermen's Local 3-34 (I. L. W. U.) of San Francisco, got the idea of going out on the run himself that summer. All tuna boats are equipped with two-way radio telephones. As Pastorino followed the warm stream up the coast from Mexico with the rest of the fleet, he engaged in long dialogues with other fishermen about their common grievances, plugging the union whenever he could. It was an unusual kind of organizing campaign.

Early in October the boats hit a solid run of tuna around Morro Bay, but before they completed their catch a squall drove them into port. The dealers on shore would not touch the fish at the price asked. The men held a council of war and agreed they would let the fish rot rather than sell at the ruinous price offered. "I tell you what we ought to do," one fisherman pitched in. "We ought to try and sell that fish directly to the public."

Albacore fishermen had made other attempts to sell their fish directly, but they had always run into official red tape. However, with the I. L. W. U. backing them, they figured maybe they could succeed this time. A couple of crab stands were rented on the famous Fisherman's Wharf. In two days the albacore catch was being sold to the public at 25 cents a pound by the whole fish, less than half the current price.

The idea caught fire swiftly. After a day or two markets were opened in Oakland and other towns across the bay, in Sacramento and Stockton, in Santa Clara and Salinas, and finally in Los Angeles, where sales soon totaled as much as at all the other outlets combined.

Some advertising was done by the union at first, but it soon became unnecessary as newspapers and radios gave the novel idea spectacular treatment. Since most people had never tasted tuna before it was confined in its "tin prison," the union hired television time and put on demonstration-cooking programs. Mimeographed recipes were given out with every purchase; variety was stressed, since tuna comes big, averaging twelve to fifteen pounds, enough meat for a family for several meals. Buyers came from all walks of life. "Where has this fish been all our lives?" the Stockton *Record* demanded.

But it was the middle-income consumer who was most appreciative. Protein-conscious housewives found this the best buy on the market. Neighbors teamed up and bought a fish between them. Meanwhile, most people seemed to be getting the point the union kept making indefatigably: that by supporting its selling campaign the consumer was helping to beat the monopolies as well as making it possible for the fishermen to earn a decent living. Everybody benefits, was the common feeling. One buyer demanded: "Why don't you go out and organize the cowboys, so we can get the same deal on beef?"

Nearly two million pounds of fish were disposed of in this manner, involving some 150,000 individual sales. The fishermen received $300 a ton for their catch—enough to guarantee a modest profit. Encouraged by this experience, the union opened a crab market on the wharf and sold the shellfish for 25 cents a pound live, 30 cents cooked, the lowest prices in years.

Does this indicate a new course for the ailing West Coast fishing industry? The I. L. W. U. itself is doubtful about the project, which it does not consider a legitimate long-term trade-union activity. Nor does it believe that the tariff, which it has supported in solidarity with other fishermen, strikes at the root of the trouble. Japanese tuna, I. L. W. U. leaders maintain, can be sold here so cheaply because the earnings of Japanese fishermen are so low. A decent wage for these workers would eliminate the pressure to sell abroad, whereas a tariff might have the effect of driving down still farther the miserable Japanese pay.

Yet it is difficult to rule out the tariff solution. Other proposals appear far-fetched in comparison. The Northwest's salmon industry is in as bad a state as tuna fishing as the result of a cut of from 25 to 15 per cent in the duty on Canadian-caught fish. The campaign for higher duties on both salmon and tuna will undoubtedly increase. The House adopted a $60-a-ton duty on imported tuna shortly before adjourning last December. Pressure is now being put on the Senate to follow suit.

But use of the "new market" discovered by the I. L. W. U. seems too tempting to resist. The Fishermen's Union (A. F. of L.) in San Diego, "the tuna capital of the world," has asked the big packers to share the expense of a great promotion campaign to develop this market and get the tuna industry out of its deep depression.

Is there a lesson in all of this for other industries which may soon be confronted with similar competition from our economic wards, the Japanese?

HENRY KRAUS

[*Henry Kraus is the author of "The Many and the Few," a history of the labor movement, and of "In the City Was a Garden," a novel.*]

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

The Meaning of Israel

The fourth birthday of the state of Israel calls for more than the outpouring of admiration, wonder, and congratulations with which it was greeted in last week's celebration. The event was an affirmation, much needed today, that, given faith in its principles and purposes, a democratic cause can overcome great odds and survive. Israel provides dramatic proof of the vitality of that faith. Born out of a struggle against invading forces, faced with the staggering problem of creating a government in the midst of war, Israel might have been excused if it had suspended some of its democratic principles in deference to the "emergency." But it did not: and as a result it has achieved an amazing degree of integration and security—in spite of the immense financial difficulties that burden it—without forfeiting one atom of its integrity. The existence of Israel in the oppressed and backward region of the Middle East will prove of immense significance to that area in the years to come. It has almost as much meaning for the West—if the West knows how to read the lesson of this tiny country's survival.

"Released Time"

The Supreme Court's decision, written by Justice Douglas, upholding the New York released-time program (see *The Nation*, February 9), represents a clear reversal of its position on the McCollum case in Illinois. Except that in the earlier case the religious instruction was to be given inside the public schools, rather than outside, it is impossible to distinguish the Illinois system, which was held invalid, from the New York system, which has now been upheld. In fact the court intended in the McCollum case to make it "categorically clear"—as Justice Black pointed out in his dissenting opinion last week—that released time was unconstitutional even if the religious instruction were to be given *off* public-school premises; on or off, the effect is to "manipulate the compelled classroom hours of the compulsory public-school system." The only way to avoid this is to dismiss *all* students for a stated period each week.

It is impossible to escape the force of the conclusions reached by Justice Jackson—who also dissented—that the New York released-time program utilizes the public schools "as a temporary jail for students who will not go to church." In other words, the coercive power of the state is used to assist religious sects in violation of the First Amendent. The consequences of this initial breach in the wall separating church and state were dramatically foreshadowed in Jackson's dissent: ". . . The day that this country ceases to be free for irreligion it will cease to be free for religion—except for the sect that can win political power. . . . We start down a rough road when we begin to mix compulsory public education with compulsory godliness. . . ."

Bad Days in Buenos Aires

May 1 was a bad day for the Perón regime. On that day the Argentine dictator, addressing Parliament, admitted that his country was facing a desperate economic crisis for which he could offer no sure cure. And on the same day a group of noted Argentine exiles protested to the United Nations that Perón had tortured hundreds of political prisoners in a "reign of pure terror" over their unhappy land.

Neither development came as a surprise to regular *Nation* readers. In our issue of April 19, Alvarez del Vayo exclusively predicted the protest to the United Nations and detailed some of the torture charges. And our last week's issue, which went to press several days before Perón's speech, carried a remarkable and timely analysis of the Argentine economic crisis under the headline Perón Through in '52?

As an additional service to our readers, we hope soon to be able to repeat the headline—this time without the question mark.

Bosom Rivals

There will be a certain piquancy to this year's sessions of the American Assembly to be held May 18-22 at Arden House in the beautiful Ramapo Mountains. Organized in 1950 by General Eisenhower as president of Columbia University, the assembly brings together annually representative leaders of American business,

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labor, professions, politics, government, and the public to discuss major problems confronting the country. It was a pet project of the General's, who thought it "the most important step" he had taken as Columbia's president; he said it would give the nation's leaders a needed "pause to think."

Now the joker: Arden House, site of the Assembly, a handsome estate at Harriman, New York, was presented as a gift to the pet project of General Eisenhower, candidate for the Republican nomination for President, by W. Averell Harriman, candidate for the Democratic nomination. The American Assembly is thus a happy reminder of the friendship and similarity of interests and outlook which exist between these rivals for the highest post in the land.

This year's sessions will be devoted to a discussion of "Inflation: Causes, Consequences, and Cures." If General Eisenhower and Mr. Harriman could both attend, if the proceedings were open to press, radio, and television, the American people would also be given a pause to think—and not only about inflation.

Tunisian Dynamite

Tunisia again forced itself on the unwilling attention of the United Nations when twelve Arab-Asian and seventeen Latin American delegations met last week to hear Professor Ahmed Bokhari of Pakistan reiterate his conviction that the Security Council had committed a grave error in refusing to deal with the issue. The majority of the Latin American delegates, in accordance with the position taken in the Security Council by Chile and Brazil, registered themselves in favor of calling a special session of the General Assembly to deal with Tunisia's complaint, and have submitted the matter to their governments.

Meanwhile news coming direct from Tunisia shows that the situation there is no less precarious than two months ago when, under French orders, the Bey was obliged to replace the Chenik Cabinet with a hand-picked collection of civil servants who are ministers in name only. The "Premier," M. Baccouche, represents nobody but the French Resident General, M. de Hauteclocque. Continuing friction between the Bey and his new Cabinet has brought the routine adminstrative work of the government almost to a standstill. The appointment of the Mixed Commission to study the program of gradual reform suggested by the French has been postponed until May 20; it had been announced for April 24. Discontent increases and the Tunisian trade unions are now preparing for another big fight. Terroristic acts met by harsh repression give daily proof that it is no longer possible to handle this smoldering nationalist rebellion by halfhearted palliatives too long delayed.

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Steel Seizure— Threat Against Labor

THE issues involved in the President's attempt to seize the steel plants are in danger of being obscured by the government's ineptness, the arbitrary action of Judge David A. Pine, and the merits of the labor dispute itself.

On the merits, the steel workers have a powerful case (see *The Nation*, March 29, 1952), but this fact should not divert attention from the basic constitutional issues. Similarly, the Administration's inexcusably clumsy handling of the dispute, including its legal aspects, should not divert attention from the role that Congress has played in forcing the Administration to act as it has acted. In the same way, Judge Pine's attempt to dispose of a fundamental constitutional issue on a mere motion for a temporary injunction and his unsupported finding of "irreparable damage" do not alter the fact that his decision was basically a sound one.

Nothing in the Constitution, directly or by implication, authorizes the President to take the step he did, nor was the seizure authorized by act of Congress. In seeking to justify it in terms of the President's "inherent powers," Assistant Attorney General Holmes Baldridge was jockeyed into the untenable position that while the Constitution limits the powers of the courts and Congress, it does not limit the powers of the President.

But the legal issue also hinges on a basic factual issue. Neither the President nor Congress has power to order the seizure of a plant or an industry except in some grave national emergency affecting the security of the country. In speaking of the "awful result" of a steel strike, Judge Pine apparently assumed the existence of such an emergency. But if it does exist, then the Administration has been highly inconsistent in its actions and policies. On March 25, it authorized major increases in the production of passenger cars, washing machines, and other consumer goods after July 1; and on April 8, in a speech at Detroit, Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer predicted that the government would lift steel controls "before many months go by—perhaps in early 1953." Some months back the defense mobilizers extended the military program for a year longer than originally planned; it will not be completed now until 1955. Similarly, delivery of military items has been deliberately delayed to allow more time to work out better designs before production schedules were frozen.

If these decisions were proper, then the government is now crying "wolf, wolf" to justify an unconstitutional action. Although precise figures are not available, it has been estimated that the total available steel supply is sufficient to continue production, including military production, for sixty days or longer. And the talk about "emergencies" becomes even more puzzling when one reads that Nathan P. Feinsinger, chairman of the WSB, thinks that the union and the industry were "very, very close" to an agreement before the President acted and states that he had himself recommended against seizure.

The issue, we suspect, does not turn so much on the question of whether a cessation in steel production will endanger national security as it does on how and by what means labor is to be "controlled." If this is the case, then government seizure has dangerous long-range implications for the labor movement. Under Section 3 of the seizure order, the Secretary of Commerce was directed to recognize the right of workers to bargain collectively, "provided that such activities do not interfere with the operation of such plants, facilities, and other properties." Three times since the war President Truman has "seized" the railroads to prevent strikes; in fact the railroads have been under nominal army operation since August, 1950. "The only concrete effect of this seizure," Senator James E. Murray reported to his colleagues on March 28, "has been to stall all attempts at a settlement between the carriers and the operating railroad unions which are parties to the two-year-old dispute. The effect of the seizure has been further to resolve the dispute in favor of the carriers simply because the unions are deprived of the sanctions they could exercise if the roads were nominally in private hands."

Actually "seizure" is a phony procedure; nothing much happens except that strikes become "strikes against the government" and the government remains liable for losses. This is why Judge Pine's finding of "irreparable damage" to the companies is absurd. On the other hand, partisans of the President should note that in the argument before the Circuit Court of Appeals, Mr. Baldridge—once again speaking out of turn—said quite frankly that the government would enjoin the strikers if the seizure were reinstated. It is worth noting, moreover, that the conservative press is demanding that the President invoke the provisions of the Taft-Hartley act. Should an injunction be obtained, a curious situation would arise in which the government had been ruled powerless to coerce the companies but could force the workers to continue at their jobs for an additional eighty days for the benefit of private profit-making enterprises. One law for the companies, another for the workers.

In the present situation Congress is as much at fault as the President. After shouting "dictator" and hurling the threat of impeachment at the President, Congress simply walked out on the steel dispute by adjourning for the Easter recess. And it has continued to duck its responsibilities: about the only suggestion that has come from it has been a proposal for still another Congressional investigation. If the President's action in ordering seizure was dictatorial, the default of Congress was in part responsible. Government-by-decree is always justi-

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fied in terms of some "emergency," real or imagined; but the basic explanation is usually to be found in a political crisis which has resulted in a deadlock between the executive and legislative branches of government. It is at least arguable that if such a deadlock had not existed, the President would have asked Congress to impose controls at the outbreak of the Korean war instead of permitting the situation to get out of hand, thereby setting in motion the chain reaction which precipitated the steel dispute. A decision by the Supreme Court may settle the legal issue, but only a resolution of the political crisis which has brought about the deadlock between Congress and the White House can check the threat of "government-by-decree."

Our Readers Prefer Douglas

THE results of *The Nation's* preferential poll for President are detailed in the tables on the opposite page. The ballot was printed in the April 5 issue; individual readers who requested them were mailed extra ballots provided they wrote before April 19 (634 such extra ballots were distributed). Participants were asked to indicate the state in which they live and their party affiliation. Minor-party candidates were not included in the ballot, but space for write-ins was provided. All ballots postmarked not later than April 25 were counted.

A total of appoximately 3,600 ballots was cast, including write-ins. The tables on page 445 show the breakdown of first and second choices according to party affiliation, and the total first-choice vote by states. Votes were received from every state in the Union.

In all, 419 write-in votes were received, of which 158 were first choices divided among 33 candidates. The leading first choices were: Vincent Hallinan (Progressive Party candidate), 45; Senator Paul Douglas, 28; Norman Thomas, 13; Averell Harriman, 10; Herbert Holdridge, 8; and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, 5. Harriman, Senator Douglas, and Hallinan led the second-choices in that order. Scattered write-ins were received for Justice Hugo Black, Stringfellow Barr, Senator Herbert Lehman, President Truman, Senator McMahon, Frank P. Graham, Robert Hutchins, and others.

In our view, the most interesting results shown by the poll are these: the clear first-choice preferences indicated for Justice William O. Douglas by Democrats, Republicans, and independents (including members of minor parties); the tendency of our readers to favor Senator Kefauver and Governor Stevenson as their second choice; the second-choice popularity of Governor Earl Warren among Democrats, Republicans, and independents; and the relative lack of interest shown in the candidacy of General Eisenhower. The fact that so many readers voted for Justice Douglas and Governor Stevenson, even though they were aware that neither is a candidate, indicates not only the kind of candidate they prefer but also the kind of platform they want. We think there is a straw in the wind here for the Democrats, who must retain their independent and liberal support to win.

In August, 1939, Elmo Roper prepared a study of a selected sample of 978 *Nation* readers. Among the questions asked was this: "Whom did you vote for in 1924, 1928, 1932, and 1936?" The results, given in percentages, provide an interesting tie-in with our current poll:

1924		*1928*	
Coolidge	18.0	Smith	38.8
Davis	11.2	Hoover	18.9
LaFollette	41.5	Thomas	26.7
Foster	2.0	Foster	1.8
Other	2.0	Other	.4
Didn't vote	25.3	Didn't vote	13.4

1932		*1936*	
F. D. R.	64.7	F. D. R.	81.0
Hoover	8.6	Landon	5.3
Thomas	19.4	Thomas	9.3
Foster	1.1	Browder	1.8
Other	.2	Other	.2
Didn't vote	6.0	Didn't vote	2.4

The percentage of first-choice ballots which Justice William O. Douglas received (67.2) is slightly higher than Roosevelt's percentage in 1932. It should be mentioned, also, that many readers explained that their "real" choice was William O. Douglas but that since they assumed he was not available, they were marking preferences for others.

Many interesting miscellaneous comments were received. One reader noted: "If, in my bitterness, I have spoiled my ballot by indicating—in an amazingly restrained fashion!—what I think of Kerr, Russell, MacArthur, and Taft, please send me another ballot." Another, who voted for Justice Douglas, commented: "But it would be a shame to permit Harry another Supreme Court appointment before he retires." Associate Justice R. B. Bottomly of the Montana Supreme Court has been doing a little private polling among his friends. "Most of those I have talked to," he wrote, "have expressed the thought that it is just too bad that the ordinary person has no way of expressing his choice for the important position of President of the United States. It appears there is not much hope for the expression of this choice until we have a nationary primary for this office which would mean real democracy in action."

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THE NATION'S PRESIDENTIAL POLL

	DEMOCRAT		REPUBLICAN		OTHER		TOTALS	
	1st Choice	2nd Choice	1st Choice	2nd Choice	1st Choice	2nd Choice	1st Choice	2nd Choice
BARKLEY (D)	2	18	0	2	2	4	4	24
W. O. DOUGLAS (D)	1,232	260	95	22	993	168	2,320	450
EISENHOWER (R)	55	85	86	38	88	89	229	212
KEFAUVER (D)	162	350	14	31	73	219	249	600
KERR (D)	1	4	0	2	0	6	1	12
MacARTHUR (R)	1	4	3	14	0	3	4	21
RUSSELL (D)	6	15	1	0	2	6	9	21
STASSEN (R)	1	3	0	9	1	3	2	15
STEVENSON (D)	331	713	17	40	180	498	528	1,251
TAFT (R)	14	12	30	13	15	16	59	41
WARREN (R)	14	103	8	63	24	114	46	280

RESULTS BY STATES (First Choices Only)

States	Barkley	W. O Douglas	Eisen-hower	Kefauver	Kerr	Mac-Arthur	Russell	Stassen	Steven-son	Taft	Warren
Alabama	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Arizona	0	10	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Arkansas	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
California	1	394	28	47	0	1	0	0	69	12	9
Colorado	0	40	3	4	0	0	0	0	2	2	1
Connecticut	0	59	9	1	0	0	0	0	17	0	0
Delaware	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dist. of Columbia	0	8	0	2	0	0	0	0	4	1	0
Florida	0	30	1	12	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Georgia	0	4	1	0	0	0	2	0	4	1	0
Idaho	0	11	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Illinois	0	150	13	5	0	0	0	0	83	4	3
Indiana	0	29	6	3	0	1	0	0	15	2	1
Iowa	0	15	1	4	0	0	0	0	7	0	1
Kansas	0	15	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	1	0
Kentucky	0	13	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Louisiana	0	14	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Maine	0	6	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Maryland	0	30	2	5	0	1	0	0	9	2	2
Massachusetts	0	102	24	7	0	1	0	0	20	1	0
Michigan	0	76	10	10	0	0	0	0	26	0	6
Minnesota	0	55	5	9	0	0	0	0	15	2	1
Mississippi	0	6	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Missouri	0	39	4	3	0	0	0	0	13	1	1
Montana	0	18	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	1
Nebraska	0	9	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	2	1
Nevada	0	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
New Hampshire	0	14	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
New Jersey	0	83	21	4	0	0	0	1	13	0	1
New Mexico	0	9	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
New York	1	582	40	23	0	0	1	0	100	7	7
North Carolina	0	12	2	5	0	0	0	0	5	0	1
North Dakota	0	7	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Ohio	1	102	16	20	0	0	0	0	31	4	1
Oklahoma	0	15	1	1	1	0	0	1	4	1	0
Oregon	0	29	2	6	0	0	0	0	2	1	1
Pennsylvania	0	137	15	14	0	0	2	0	25	4	3
Rhode Island	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
South Carolina	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
South Dakota	0	6	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	0
Tennessee	0	7	1	7	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Texas	0	24	3	10	0	0	1	0	6	2	1
Utah	0	10	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Vermont	0	8	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Virginia	0	26	0	7	0	0	0	0	5	1	0
Washington	0	64	2	8	0	0	0	0	14	0	3
West Virginia	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Wisconsin	0	34	3	11	0	0	1	0	7	2	1
Wyoming	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
TOTALS	4	2,320	229	249	1	4	9	2	528	59	46

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Labor Views the Campaigns

BY HUGO ERNST

IT SEEMS to me that the key to this election year lies in a thoughtful reading of the signs which reveal a vast uneasiness at work among the American people. Walter Lippmann and others, reporting "ear-to-the-ground" tours of the country, have found this restlessness, this seeking after answers, in every corner of the land. Some pass it off as nothing more than a mood for changing the "ins" for the "outs." Others read into it a current of defeatism. I think these are dangerous and superficial readings.

The signs are all about us. They reach all the way from the President's decision to "take a walk" to the worried frowns of housewives as they pass through the check-out station at the supermarket.

They include slipping farm prices, the lines of unemployed in the textile and auto towns, the new boldness of employer attacks upon trade unions.

They include dislocations of world trade, the Treasury's monthly report that more defense bonds are cashed than sold, the big advertisements for clearance sales of TV sets, refrigerators, and other high-cost merchandise.

Hugo Ernst

They include recurring reports of acts of downright fascist violence against Negroes, Jews, Spanish-Americans, and other minority groups; the snooping into schoolbooks which has befouled communities as far apart as Pasadena, California, and Port Washington, New York; the news that detention camps are being prepared for "subversives" in this land of the free.

They include items like the army's request for more funds to use in tracking down soldiers who have gone "over the hill"; the air-force lieutenants who do not wish to fly; and *Argosy* magazine's opinion poll showing that the headline which eight out of ten Americans would most like to see, reads: WAR ENDED FOREVER.

Twenty years ago Franklin D. Roosevelt, sensing a similar uneasiness in the land, illuminated the dark night of the depression with a flashing phrase that showed his remarkable insight into the popular mood. "The only thing we have to fear," he said, "is fear itself." Then he went on to offer a New Deal so bold, so concrete, so accurate in its grasp of the nation's sense of insecurity, as to rally the people to his standard for four years of historic election victories—to say nothing of a fifth Democratic victory in 1948.

The "new" part of F. D. R.'s prescription was simply that he put people's security first: the security of their homes, their jobs, their farms, their small enterprises, their unions. The security of their civil rights, their health, their education, their natural resources. These were given priority over the narrower interests of those he dubbed "malefactors of great wealth."

It was this program which made the Democratic Party the choice of workers, farmers, and the small business men and professional people who serve them. It was this New Deal which brought to birth the political arms of the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., the railroad unions, and the miners, all bent on supporting those in either party who would push the program. And it was this New Deal the Republicans and Dixiecrats in Congress set out to smash the moment F. D. R. was dead. Seizing the initiative from President Truman, the coalition has put in motion since 1946 a mighty flood of reaction from the Hill which is washing away F. D. R.'s program as surely as the life-giving topsoil of the Missouri Basin is being washed away as I write. We can expect the erosion to continue if the Dixiecrats dictate at Chicago the nomination of a man who suits their own purposes rather than the needs of the plain people who have looked upon the Democratic Party as their instrument of social progress.

The Democrats can't win without a tremendous turnout in November. They can't get such a turnout unless they offer a national program that satisfies the people's need for security. And they must offer real security at home and real security in relations with other nations.

At the very minimum, if there is to be a real outpouring of voters this year, the Democrats must not retreat an inch from the platform of 1948 when they meet in

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Chicago in July. There must be no surrender to the Dixiecrats. If the delegates permit Senator Russell, the man who says he "would rather be a Southerner than be President," to blackjack them with his 300 votes, then the campaign this fall will not be waged on the real issues at all, but on mink coats, reds-in-government, and wasteful welfare spending disguised as issues by candidates unwilling to face the causes of the people's restlessness. Disgusted voters will stay home.

Republicans have worked hand in glove with the Dixiecrats as wreckers of the New Deal. Together they forced the defense production program into forms which tightened monopoly's grip while weakening the people's defense against falling living standards. Carrying these policies beyond our shores, the "Dixiegop" alliance has starved the Point Four program for dealing permanently with what the President has called "stomach communism" by containing it within a wall of rising living standards. There is no likelihood that the election of Taft or Eisenhower, either of whom must carry into office reactionary Senators and Representatives, would in any way alter the nature of the present drift.

As for the Democrats, the great danger is that the Dixiecrats, using as their slogan, "You can't win without us," will blackmail the convention into choosing their man. The fact is, however, and it should be widely advertised, that neither Roosevelt nor Truman needed electoral votes from the Southern states; both would have been elected handily without them.

No, the Democrats don't need the Dixiecrats. What they *do* need is the votes of those—North, South, East, and West—who feel most sharply the insecurity of the times. And who are they? They are the voters who kept the Democrats in power from 1932 through 1948. They are the wage earners—steelworkers, hotel maids, white-collar employees—of the industrial cities. They are the family farmers of the Great Plains, the sharecroppers of the South. They are the Negro millions and the millions of new Americans from many lands even unto the second and third generations. Standing alone, they are called "minority groups"; together, they hold the popular power the Democrats must put into motion if they would win next fall. To enlist them, the Democrats must restore faith in the party as the defender of the people's rights. They must offer a platform explicit in its proposals for quieting the people's fears.

As I see it, these are the facts which the Democrats must face squarely if they want to win again in 1952:

¶ While most American families are caught in a net of frozen wages and rising prices, corporations continue to swell, like the frog in the fairy tale, with each new quarterly report.

¶ The existence of a tax structure which adds a heavy burden of indirect taxes to the already heavy direct taxes paid by the people, while lobbyists devise new loopholes for the big fellows.

¶ The shelving of the Fair Deal by the same Congress which continues to ladle out giant subsidies to industry, thus turning the nation's wealth over to monopoly.

¶ Mounting expressions of alarm from thoughtful people who see present policies as leading either to war or depression, and who don't want war as a "solution" for depression.

¶ The anti-labor climate fostered by the Taft-Hartley act, epitomized in the steel crisis.

¶ The present moratorium on social progress—public housing, security for the aged, health insurance, federal aid to education, public power, flood control.

¶ The series of murderous assaults on Negroes. These grow bolder, as though the FBI's failure to catch the Kluxers who bombed Harry Moore's home in Florida at Christmas time were almost an invitation to violence.

THERE is also the issue of free speech. The fear of speaking out is the most ominous fact of life in America today. The virus of McCarthyism chills the heart and stills the tongue of the teacher, the preacher, the public servant, the editor, the union member. Ultimately this terrible disease destroys its victims' resistance to a malignant growth within the body politic—the cancer of fascism. A serious threat is that this same political "polio" may lay hold of the Democratic convention. Indeed, it would be a bitter irony should the McCarthy virus infect the party whose only hope of victory lies in offering the voters a cure for all the ills for which McCarthy and the Dixiecrats stand.

I do not believe working people or their unions will ever surrender to the Dixiecrats. They simply will not accept, just as the Negro people will not accept, any Democratic candidate who compromises on civil rights to gain the nomination. Nor do I believe that working people and their natural allies will turn to the Republicans unless some miracle at Chicago reminds the G. O. P. of Lincoln, and they recover his concern for the rights of working people, white and black.

Should both parties turn their backs on the rights of labor, on civil rights, on the social needs of all of us, on the deep hunger for peace in the hearts of men, then I fear millions of voters will simply "sit this one out" and the victory will go to the Republicans by default.

The 1952 elections, it seems to me, are America's big chance, and perhaps the Democratic Party's last chance, to return to the path of F. D. R. Here is our opportunity to send to Washington a new President and a new Congress with a genuine mandate from the voters to reappraise our foreign and domestic affairs. Such a government could help enormously in easing the tensions which now foster fear throughout the world.

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Trouble in Textiles: II

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE trouble in textiles, of which I wrote last week, is not peculiar to the United States: it is a world-wide phenomenon which is causing the spinners and weavers of Osaka, Ghent, Manchester, and Bombay even more grief than those of Fall River. Universally the feast of orders that the textile industry was enjoying a little more than a year ago has turned to famine. Everywhere, as manufacturers and merchants struggle to reduce inventories in the face of strong consumer resistance, mills are closing, leaving hundreds of thousands of workers idle.

In the major producing countries anti-inflationary measures, such as increased taxes and higher interest rates, serve to lessen home demand. But exports afford no relief; on the contrary, important markets—Australia, for example—are being cut off by import restrictions designed to correct adverse trade balances. And in Asia, Africa, and Latin America consumption is being curtailed by a fall in purchasing power caused by price reverses in such commodities as rubber, jute, copra, tin, and pepper.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the textile industries of Britain and Belgium, which export one-third and one-half of their output respectively, should have been excited when the possibility of substantial orders from Russia, China, and other "iron curtain" lands was dangled before them at the recent Moscow Economic Conference. In Japan, too, where the cotton industry has just cut back production severely even though its capacity is still far below pre-war levels, there is keen interest in the prospect of reentry into the Chinese market. We have yet to see, however, how firm the proffered orders are and what strings are attached to them. British observers, while hoping for the best, appear to be rather skeptical. They note that in negotiating trade pacts with Russia Britain hitherto has never been able to persuade the Soviet government to use part of its substantial sterling balances for the purchase of textiles or other consumer goods. Nor have the British placed any obstacles in the way of textile exports to China; if these have dwindled to a trickle, it is because of difficulties created by Peking.

Should Lancashire succeed in obtaining appreciable business from the Eastern bloc, the American reaction is likely to be a mixture of criticism and envy. However, exports have never played a major role in America's textile trade—last year less than 10 per cent of the output of cotton fabrics was sold abroad—and recovery from the present slump depends primarily on a quickening of the home market. How is this to be achieved?

It can hardly be argued that the reduced rate of textile consumption in this country comes from lack of purchasing power. Generally speaking, the economy is operating at a very high level. Employment is at a new peak and disposable income in the first quarter of this year was only fractionally below the all-time high reached in the fourth quarter of 1951. It is not poverty, therefore, that is causing consumer resistance; it is rather that the average American is relatively wealthy in terms of goods. Few of our garages lack a car; our kitchens are lined with gadgets; our wardrobes are comfortably stocked. Since the war ended we have been buying fast and furiously, but now that we have learned that we can have our guns and butter too, the urge to spend is weakening and we are beginning to exercise what Keynes called a "liquidity preference." As a result department-store sales have been sagging while savings-bank deposits have spurted.

This is just what the economic doctors ordered and a sign that the inflationary fever has left us. But there is no reason to suppose, as some observers are suggesting, that we are about to fall into a deflationary coma. As long as defense expenditures remain high and the government operates at a deficit, it seems unlikely that total demand will fall so far below potential supply as to create a critical situation. In present circumstances, collective thrift is a virtue; it is only if the habit persists after rearmament stops priming the pump that it could become a vice. Our economy, with its immense capacity for producing consumer goods, is geared to free spending, and if we all become penny-pinchers we shall soon have far fewer pennies to pinch. For in a shrinking market, business men would refuse to invest our savings in new plant and unemployment would rapidly spread from the consumer-goods to the capital-goods field.

THIS is the nightmare that haunts those who find their particular industries depressed in the midst of a general boom. For textile men it is all the more painful because their share of the consumer's dollar has been shrinking. Thus the Wool Bureau in a recent pamphlet pointed out that whereas disposable personal income increased by 214 per cent between 1939 and the middle of 1951, consumer clothing expenditure rose by only 183 per cent. In fact, in 1950, clothing accounted for only 8.02 per cent of the consumer budget compared to 9.53 per cent in 1929 and 8.56 per cent in 1939.

The brunt of this change in expenditure patterns has been borne by the men's-clothing industry. One imme-

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diate reason, of course, is that upwards of three million young men are being given their wardrobes by Uncle Sam, but since the wear and tear in the army is probably greater than in civilian life this should not cause any net decrease in textile consumption. More important is the trend toward greater informality often ascribed to the increase in suburban living. Evening clothes are going out and men tend to buy fewer business suits and dress shirts and more slacks, jackets, and sport shirts. That is why some textile men, who believe that there is nothing wrong with their industry that a little old-fashioned American salesmanship won't cure, are planning a campaign to smarten up the male animal and make him more style-conscious.

The whole-hearted cooperation of the industry in achieving this objective may be hindered by conflict between those who believe that there is nothing like wool and the promoters of the new synthetics—nylon, dacron, orlon, vicara, and so forth. Certainly, the latter are making headway. According to *Facts for Industry,* a publication of the Census Bureau, between 1950 and 1951, the output of summer-weight suits containing 50 per cent or more wool declined by 33 per cent: other types, mainly rayon and nylon, increased by 21 per cent. Almost two-thirds of the summer-weight suits manufactured in 1951 were made primarily of synthetics, as were more than half of all trousers and slacks sold separately.

Obviously, the growing preference for synthetics has serious implications for certain old-established sections of the textile industry, particularly worsted weaving. In the long run, however, it is the producers of natural fibers—cotton, wool, linen, silk—and not the processors that are threatened, since existing spinning, weaving, and finishing establishments can in most cases be adapted to handle synthetic raw materials. All the same, the Northern woolen and worsted industry will have to hustle if it is to keep any part of the synthetic processing business from grasping Southern hands.

Moreover, according to the Research Department of the Textile Workers Union, American mills now have an annual capacity of fourteen billion yards of cloth of all kinds—ninety yards for every man, woman, and child in the country. Since this is in excess of any probable demand for some time to come, the outlook for the older and less efficient plants, most of which are in the North, is unpromising especially in the face of the kind of subsidized Southern competition mentioned in my previous article. Even when business picks up, it seems probable that many mills closed in recent months will remain dark.

Fortunately, current expansion in other industries does provide new opportunities for displaced textile workers. During a recent visit to North Adams in western Massachusetts, I found that the depressed state of the textile industry there had been partially compensated for by the rapid growth of an electronics plant. Other New England towns with a supply of skilled, intelligent labor seem to be enjoying a similar experience. But if full advantage is to be taken of this situation, there will have to be many more community schemes like that adopted in the hard-hit textile city of Utica, New York, for retraining textile workers for the light-metals industries.

WHATEVER the problems of New England, those of old England are infinitely more serious. For decades Lancashire has been losing business, not to other parts of the country, but to other parts of the world where labor costs are lower. Before 1914 it almost monopolized exports of cotton goods, supplying 70 per cent of the world total. Today, Japan and India are competing for first place and Britain's share is barely 15 per cent.

It is, moreover, a smaller share of a smaller total, for while world production has risen some 50 per cent since 1914, world export trade has declined by 40 per cent. More and more countries now supply their own needs and this trend is unlikely to be reversed as nations aspiring to industrialization begin by manufacturing textiles—a relatively simple factory operation—usually behind high tariff walls. Thus, for the world as a whole, textile capacity tends to outstrip consumption.

In most countries the effective demand for textiles is extremely low. America's exceptional position is illustrated by the fact that with less than 7 per cent of the world's population we use about one-third of the world's cotton output and one-quarter of the wool. Our per-capita consumption has been rising steadily while that of other countries, including most of Asia, is stationary or even declining. Thus while our textile troubles reflect a high standard of living that permits consumers to postpone purchases of clothing without suffering from cold,

Beyond Comment

Combating rabies, widely prevalent in nearby sections of the state just now, the Rabies Control Unit of the Fulton County Health Department is offering low-cost anti-rabies inoculations for dogs during the next month. . . . Clinics at the Hope, English Drive, and Ware Schools are for colored people's dogs, the others for whites'.—*From the Atlanta, Georgia,* Journal-Constitution.

Mendelssohn's Wedding March is "signally profane" and may not be played in future at Roman Catholic Church weddings in this city, church officials ruled today.—*United Press dispatch from Medellin, Colombia, to the New York* Times.

[The Nation *will pay $2 for acceptable contributions to Beyond Comment.*]

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or even shabbiness, those of the rest of the world are fundamentally the result of poverty. In Asia and Africa hundreds of millions of families exist at a subsistence level that at best allows only a tiny sum for clothing. Were their needs more nearly matched by their means, they would provide an enormous new market. Indeed, if Asiatic productivity and living standards could be raised by as little as 10 per cent, there would be few idle spindles or looms anywhere.

Such an increase in productivity will not be rapidly attained, however, without external capital and other assistance. This, in turn, cannot be provided on anything like an adequate scale while the major industrial nations, East and West, use their economic surpluses to build armaments. Consequently, weavers and spinners, if they want to eat, must forget their old skills and retrain minds and fingers to fit themselves for the manipulation of arms-making machinery.

Italy, the Vatican, and U. S. Catholics

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Rome

PERHAPS the chief strength of the De Gasperi government lies in the fact that, while not deeply loved, it is not deeply hated by anybody except the Fascists and certain circles in the Vatican. Its record is creditable in many respects. Although its deflationary policy has boosted interest rates, curtailed public works, and to some extent decreased employment, the government has succeeded in preventing the sharp rise in living costs that France has suffered in the last two years.

Supported by a comfortable Demo-Christian majority in the Chamber of Deputies, De Gasperi has been under no compulsion so far to compromise with either the extreme Right or (more important) the extreme Left, yet he has been careful to antagonize neither beyond endurance. The Premier is a staunch supporter of the Atlantic Pact, the European army, and the Schuman Plan; nevertheless, he has resisted American demands for an "abnormal" rearmament effort. He enjoys the reputation of being "a neutralist at heart" who is keenly aware of Italy's widespread anti-war feeling.

The government claims great credit for its so-called land reform—the division of badly run estates among landless peasants. In this the principle is more important than the practice; the distribution so far has been of minuscular proportions and the whole program is now threatened by court litigation. In any case, the reform satisfies neither Right nor Left.

If De Gasperi has avoided a sharp rise in living costs he has also kept wage rates low. The national average wage is 26,000 lire (the official exchange rate is 620 lire to the dollar); some "heavy" workers get up to 40,000 lire, but mill-girls earn only 16,000 to 17,000. But Italy's great problem remains unemployment. About 2,000,000 are registered as unemployed and another 2,000,000 are seasonal or part-time workers. Of the unemployed, only a small proportion get state relief, which amounts to a daily dole of 250 lire for twenty-six weeks only.

The unemployment problem is of course aggravated by the fact that Italy's population is growing at the rate of 500,000 a year. The traditional solution of this problem is emigration, but to the Italian Left the answer lies in further industrialization, the modernization of agriculture, and the development of Eastern markets.

The experience of the Italian miners in England has not been encouraging, and as for sending people to Australia (15,000 went last year) or to South America, the Left points out that it costs almost as much to send a family to either place as it would to create jobs for them in in Italy.

Italian trade unionism is fairly strong. The C. G. I. L. (General Federation of Labor), with about five million members, represents the bulk of organized labor. Though closely linked to the Communists and Nenni's Left Socialists, the C. G. I. L. claims to be non-political. It is usually sufficiently powerful to win the support of rival unions in any major wage dispute.

The federation's most important rival is the Catholic C. I. S. L., whose 1,500,000 members are concentrated in the civil service and in industries employing large numbers of women, particularly textiles. The Communists, Nenni Socialists, and Social Democrats have federations of their own and a neo-Fascist union is now being organized.

While unemployment is a tragic business, the fact remains that more than 90 per cent of the employables are working productively and—thanks to the rigid financial policy—are not much worse off than they were three years ago. From the short-term point of view this may be considered a remarkable achievement in today's Europe. But as a long-term policy it gets Italy nowhere, and the De Gasperi government faces a stiff political struggle for power, with the challenge coming from the Right rather than from the Left.

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Even its worst enemies recognize that the De Gasperi government is neither undemocratic nor anti-democratic. De Gasperi himself, while anti-Communist, treats the trade unions and the extreme Left with respect; he opposes the view that his majority Demo-Christian Party should attempt to rule single-handed; and, far from being a "Vatican tool," he has always advocated his party's close cooperation with the other genuinely republican groups—the Liberals, the Republicans (by tradition anti-clerical), and the Social Democrats.

From the Vatican's point of view, De Gasperi is much too liberal. In 1948 the Vatican looked upon him as its man; today it is apparently disappointed with his "let's-have-a-quiet-time" attitude and his refusal to be influenced by such Vatican extremists as Father Lombardi, the famous "radio priest," and Professor Gedda, the new head of Catholic Action.

As for the Vatican, one must distinguish between its "world policy" and its "Italian policy." In its world policy the Vatican is extremely cautious. Since there are no Catholic governments in France, Britain, and the United States, it can influence these countries only indirectly; and while the Pope is a bitter enemy of communism, there is no evidence that he would welcome a third world war under the banner of anti-communism. For one thing, Italy would be involved, and the prospect of moving the Vatican to Brooklyn does not commend itself to anybody here.

Although American Catholics contribute more than half of the Pope's income, their influence is not so great as some of them like to imagine. Cardinal Spellman's visit to Rome in 1946, accompanied by fifty newsmen ready to report his appointment as the Pope's Secretary of State, turned out to be a fiasco. The other day I asked someone very close to the Vatican whether Cardinal Spellman still had a chance to get the post, and he replied hotly, "Over our dead bodies!"

For the present, His Holiness continues in effect to be his own Secretary of State with two Undersecretaries—Msgr. Montini and Msgr. Tardini, neither of them even a Cardinal—to assist him. There are already about twenty Cardinals' vacancies which the Pope seems in no hurry to fill, a reluctance that is attributed to his resistance to American pressure and his determination to preserve as fully as possible the *italianità* of the Vatican. Every precaution will be taken to assure that the next Pope—Pius XII is now seventy-eight—will also be an Italian.

One gets the impression here that the Vatican's views on certain social problems—birth control, maternal welfare, the save-the-child-at-all-costs dictum—are not so rigidly interpreted in Italy as is commonly supposed abroad. Many Catholics have been able to convince themselves that the church's "safe-period" doctrine constitutes an admission of the principle of birth control; and it is certain that many priests in Italy, taking due account of poverty and the housing shortage, are at least not encouraging large families. As for the save-the-child-not-the-mother doctrine, all Italians with whom I discussed the matter assured me that Italian surgeons go through the routine of asking the husband, and then follow the practice of saving the mother rather than the child.

Drawing by Valentine

Alcide De Gasperi

Although birth control is largely an academic question among the poor—few can afford the necessary contraceptives—it is interesting that there were 50,000 fewer births in Italy last year compared to previous years, and many experts believe that Italy's population will gradually stabilize itself.

THE real importance of the Vatican at present is in home politics, in which Vatican opinion is divided. Msgr. Tardini represents a reactionary and pro-Fascist movement; Msgr. Montini espouses a more "liberal" policy. The Pope's appointment of Professor Gedda, a forceful anti-liberal who speaks in terms of *revanche*, to the head of Catholic Action would indicate that His Holiness has swung to the support of reaction.

Professor Gedda's appointment is of considerable importance. Catholic Action disposes of the bulk of the funds nominally contributed to the Demo-Christian Party and is said also to have at its disposal large sums from clandestine sources, most of them believed to be of American origin. This vast and compact lay organization, based structurally on a principle strikingly similar to that of the Communist cell, is the political arm of the church which works on the electorate either directly or through the priests. Its aim is to strengthen the right wing of the Demo-Christians against De Gasperi and his "liberalism" and to encourage party alliances with the extreme Right—the Monarchists, and the neo-Fascists.

Against this line De Gasperi has been putting up fairly stiff resistance but under Catholic Action pressure, exerted in preparation for the municipal elections due on the twenty-fifth of this month, he has been unable to avoid negotiating with the Monarchists. But he has done so reluctantly, rejecting as a "contradiction in terms" the Monarchist proposal for an anti-Communist bloc of "all democratic and national forces" and demanding that the Monarchists break with the neo-Fascists and declare

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themselves loyal to the institutions of the Republic.

So far the Monarchists have rejected these two main conditions. Still, in talking with them, De Gasperi has admitted the principle of *caso per caso*—"each case on its own merits"—a principle which leaves opportunity for all kinds of unholy local alliances.

This month's elections, which will be limited chiefly to southern Italy, cannot reflect accurately the national picture, but the expected gains by the Monarchists and neo-Fascists (who together polled only about 500,000 votes in 1948) will be important as a pointer toward next year's general elections. In 1953 the Demo-Christians are likely to lose their majority in the Chamber (experts expect their popular vote may drop from 12,000,000 to 9,000,000 or less). Will the Demo-Christians then join forces with the Fascists and Monarchists? Will they rely on the support of the extreme Left, particularly the Nenni group? Or will they split, with the majority going to the Right? It is still too early to say, and the international situation may have a decisive effect. But one way or another, what is now virtually a two-party system—with real government stability—will probably come to an end next year.

[*This is the second of two articles by Mr. Werth, a* Nation *Staff contributor.*]

Prince of Pamphleteers

BY WILLIAM J. FIELDING

THE late Emanuel Haldeman-Julius may well have been the most successful pamphlet publisher in history. By the time he met his tragic death last July in his Girard, Kansas, swimming pool, more than 300,000,000 of his Little Blue Books had been sold. Here were no free tracts given mass distribution by religious or political organizations. Each Little Blue Book sold was ordered by a customer who enclosed payment in advance. And the little books are still selling.

But it would be a mistake to think of Haldeman-Julius merely as a publisher. He was primarily a propagandist who made it possible for some of the outstanding liberals and dissenters of our time to reach the mass of American readers. When he published the work of Upton Sinclair, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Will Durant, Clarence Darrow, Havelock Ellis, among many others, he was not only subjecting America to a mighty barrage of unorthodox and stimulating points of view; he was also giving expression to his own. He represented a dynamic nineteenth-century liberalism which he carried over into the twentieth—enlivened by a non-doctrinaire socialism which was peculiarly his own.

He was author and editor as well as publisher. He wrote many of the Little Blue Books; he was journalist, essayist, and novelist. For more than thirty years he edited simultaneously two or more magazines in which he expressed his decided opinions on an extraordinary variety of subjects: religion, politics, economics, science, music, literature, and the art of living. He was a free-thinker, an implacable anti-cleric, and a lusty vulgarian. He loved the ribaldry of W. C. Fields, whose witticisms —real or apocryphal—were sprinkled through his writings. He invented characters like Miss Priscilla Prissy-Pratt, Professor Beerbelch, the Rev. Fiddle D.D., Dr. Patsy O'Bang, whose comments on life were sometimes too salty for even his most loyal supporters.

Emanuel Julius (the Haldeman came later) was born in a Philadelphia tenement in 1889, the son of an immigrant Jewish bookbinder. His formal schooling was sketchy; he left home in his 'teens to make his way. Before he was twenty, he was editing the *Western Comrade* in California, a small magazine which lasted just long enough to convince Emanuel that he wanted to be a writer. He returned East and, apparently unable to find work in his chosen field, took a job as a kind of messenger boy in a girls' school in Tarrytown, New York. Mark Twain, who was living nearby, visited the school one day, and Emanuel, who had been reading Twain at the suggestion of the school librarian, introduced himself to the famous writer. He found Twain to be, like himself, a radical and anti-cleric who was highly critical of the imperialistic tendencies manifested by this country as an aftermath of the war with Spain. Accompanied by the school librarian, he later visited Twain's home, armed this time with an analysis of the "revolutionary" trends which he had spotted in the great writer's work. The analysis is said to have impressed Twain; it certainly impressed Emanuel. Twain remained his favorite author, and "The Mysterious Stranger"—which deflated alike the ecclesiastic and the statesman—his favorite book.

After leaving the girls'-school job, Emanuel was taken on by the New York *Call*, the Socialist daily. Undoubtedly this was the most important period of his

WILLIAM J. FIELDING, editor and author, has written thirty titles for Little Blue Books as well as many other full-length non-fiction works.

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pre-publishing career; here were the roots of the Little Blue Books and of the philosophy which prompted their publication. During this time he worked side by side with such important Socialist and labor leaders as Morris Hillquit, Meyer London, Clement Wood, August Claessens, Jacob Panken, Louis Kopelin, James O'Neal, and others. Here he absorbed New York's cosmopolitanism—the theater, the opera, the lecture platform, the transplanted cultural and political life of most European and many Asiatic countries. He could later bring to Girard, Kansas, the outlook of an internationalist and man of the world.

Emanuel Haldeman-Julius

Emanuel worked on the *Call,* successively, as reporter, special writer, book reviewer, dramatic critic, and editor of the Sunday supplement. He had already developed a considerable ego as an editor; what saved him was his disarming readiness to laugh at himself. He once wrote a piece under some such title as Favorite Words of Famous People. Of course he included himself in the list and the favorite word he ascribed to himself was "I."

In 1914 Louis Kopelin, a young Ohioan who was Emanuel's editorial senior on the *Call,* went to Girard to help J. A. Wayland edit the *Appeal to Reason,* a Socialist paper of national circulation. The following year Kopelin sent for his friend Emanuel; in a short time Wayland, elderly and in poor health, sold his interest in the paper to the two young Socialists. In 1916 Emanuel married Marcet Haldeman, a niece of Jane Addams and the daughter of a well-to-do local physician. Marcet, a capable writer, shared her husband's social and political views. The marriage resulted in a merger of names—Haldeman-Julius—and the husband-and-wife team collaborated in running the publishing business, operating a large farm, and writing a number of novels and books of non-fiction. Marcet died in 1941; a year later Julius married Sue Haney, who had been his secretary.

THE first Little Blue Book appeared in 1919; it was "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," with an introduction by Clarence Darrow. Most of the early titles were in the public domain. Paine's "The Age of Reason" was well up on the list, and there followed books by or about Ingersoll, Spencer, Huxley, Rousseau, Balzac, Hugo, Shelley, Shakespeare, Molière, and Ibsen. Some of the Greek classics found their way between the little blue covers; so did Socialist propagandist pieces; Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and George Moore; treatises on sex and psychology; biographies of great men; and such homespun masterpieces as Casey at the Bat and The Face on the Bar-Room Floor.

The books caught on quickly, and as the business grew, Emanuel relied more and more upon titles written to order by authors of national and even international reputation. Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy," which had a tremendous vogue in the 1920's as a five-dollar book, was written originally for Little Blue Books, a chapter to a book. Its sale became world-wide; Haile Selassie wrote from Addis Ababa for a supply and Admiral Byrd took a complete set to the South Pole. The business grossed around a half-million dollars a year and its owners were satisfied with a profit per copy of a fifth of a cent.

The Little Blue Books were undoubtedly the precursors of today's pocket books, which have revolutionized the publishing industry and, to some extent, the reading habits of America. Much of the credit for Emanuel's pioneering must go to Kopelin, who was an ingenious and imaginative printer as well as editor. Kopelin once told me an anecdote that showed Emanuel's flair for self-promotion. The firm was toying with the idea of publishing a Little Blue Book of blank pages as a handy notebook. Emanuel had one made up and showed it to Kopelin.

"You wouldn't let it go out like that, would you?" said Kopelin.

"Why not?"

"But here's a perfectly blank book and you have blazened across the cover, 'Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius'!"

Much can be said in criticism of Haldeman-Julius's sensational methods of promotion, his frequent lapses from good taste, his tendency to pander to his own ego. But whatever his shortcomings, he courageously fought against the political and religious *status quo* of his time. He deliberately aligned himself with the few against the many; with the liberals and the radicals, he combated the highly organized power of the church, the state, and the organs of mass propaganda, successfully contriving to give the dissenters a voice loud enough to be heard by the people. He made many enemies, among them politicians who may have been responsible for the income-tax litigation which embittered the last months of his life. But he left a legion of friends who will gratefully remember that, unlike so many of his contemporaries, he never submitted to the totalitarianism of either Left or Right, but fought uncompromisingly for our American heritage of freedom.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Negro in America

INVISIBLE MAN. By Ralph Ellison. Random House. $3.50.

THIS novel is a searing and exalted record of a Negro's journey through contemporary America in search of success, companionship, and, finally, himself; like all our fictions devoted to the idea of experience, it moves from province to city, from naive faith to disenchantment; and despite its structural incoherence and occasional pretentiousness of manner, it is one of the few remarkable first novels we have had in some years.

The beginning is nightmare. A Negro boy, timid and compliant, comes to a white smoker in a Southern town: he is to be awarded a scholarship. Together with several other Negroes he is rushed to the front of the ballroom, where a sumptuous blonde tantalizes and frightens them by dancing in the nude. Blindfolded, the Negro boys stage a "battle royal," a free-for-all in which they pummel each other to the drunken shouts of the whites. "Practical jokes," humiliations, terrors—and then the boy delivers a prepared speech of gratitude to his white benefactors.

Nothing, fortunately, in the rest of the novel is quite so harrowing. The unnamed hero goes to his Southern college and is expelled for having innocently taken a white donor through a Negro gin-mill; he then leaves for New York, where he works in a factory, becomes a soapboxer for the Harlem Communists, a big wheel in the Negro world, and the darling of the Stalinist bohemia; and finally, in some not quite specified way, he "finds himself" after witnessing a frenzied riot in Harlem.

Though immensely gifted, Ellison is not a finished craftsman. The tempo of his book is too feverish, and at times almost hysterical. Too often he tries to overwhelm the reader, and usually he does; but when he should be doing something other than overwhelm, when he should be persuading or suggesting or simply telling, he forces and tears.

Because the book is written in the first person singular, Ellison cannot establish ironic distance between his hero and himself, or between the matured "I" telling the story and the "I" who is its victim. And because the experience is so apocalyptic and magnified, it absorbs and then dissolves the hero; every minor character comes through brilliantly, but the seeing "I" is seldom seen.

The middle section of the novel concerns the Harlem Stalinists, and it is the only one that strikes me as not quite true. Writing with evident bitterness, Ellison makes his Stalinists so stupid and vicious that one cannot understand how they could have attracted him. I am ready to believe that the Communist Party manipulates its members with conscious cynicism, but I am quite certain that this cynicism is both more guarded and more complex than Ellison assumes; surely no Stalinist leader would tell a prominent Negro member, "You were not hired to think"—even if that were what he secretly felt. The trouble with such caricature is that it undermines the intention behind it, making the Stalinists seem not the danger they are but mere clowns.

Equally disturbing is Ellison's apparent wish to be intellectually up-to-date. As his hero quits the Communist Party, he wonders: "Could politics ever be an expression of love?" This portentous and perhaps meaningless question, whatever its place in a little magazine, is surely inappropriate to a character who has been presented mainly as a passive victim of experience. Nor am I persuaded by the hero's final discovery that "my world has become one of infinite possibilities," his refusal to be the invisible man whose body is manipulated by various social groups. Though the unqualified assertion of individuality is at the moment a favorite notion of literary people, it is also a vapid one, for the unfortunate fact remains that to define one's individuality is to stumble over social fences that do not allow one "infinite possibilities." It is hardly an accident that Ellison's hero does not even attempt to specify those possibilities.

These faults mar "Invisible Man" but do not destroy it. For Ellison has an abundance of that primary talent without which neither craft nor intelligence can save a novelist; he is richly, wildly inventive; his scenes rise and dip with tension, his people bleed, his language stings. No other writer has captured so much of the confusion and agony, the hidden gloom and surface gaiety of Negro life. His ear for Negro speech is magnificent: a sharecropper calmly describing how he seduced his own daughter, a Harlem street-vender spinning jive, a West Indian woman inciting her men to resist an eviction. The rhythm of the prose is harsh and tensed, like a beat of harried alertness. The observation is expert: Ellison knows exactly how zoot-suiters walk, making stylization their principle of life, and exactly how the antagonism between American and West Indian Negroes works itself out in speech and humor. For all his self-involvement, he is capable of extending himself toward his people, of accepting them as they are, in their blindness and hope. And in his final scene he has created an unforgettable image: "Ras the Destroyer," a Negro nationalist, appears on a horse, dressed in the costume of an Abyssinian chieftain, carrying spear and shield, and charging wildly into the police—a black Quixote, mad, absurd, yet unbearably pathetic.

Some reviewers, from the best of intentions, have assured their readers that this is a good novel and not merely a good Negro novel. But of course "Invisible Man" is a Negro novel—what white man could ever have written it? It is drenched in Negro life, talk, music; it tells us how distant even the best of the whites are from the black men that pass them on the streets; and it is written from a particular compound of emotions that no white man could possibly simulate. To deny that this is a Negro novel is to deprive Negroes of their one basic right: the right to cry out their difference.

IRVING HOWE

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Groupthink on Groupthink

IS ANYBODY LISTENING? HOW AND WHY U. S. BUSINESS FUMBLES WHEN IT TALKS WITH HUMAN BEINGS. By William H. Whyte, Jr., and the Editors of *Fortune*. Drawings by Robert Osborn. Simon and Schuster. $3.

IS ANYBODY talking to himself? Mr. Whyte and *Fortune's* research rockettes in a masterly Groupthink operation have collected a formidable volume of evidence against the Groupthink methods of Big Business. As in most group studies, there is ostentatious deep digging, an impressive show of wondrous instruments about to be used, a mesmeric riffling of reference cards, topped by some surprisingly queasy harrumphing-out-loud.

On their far-flung trek into the secret citadels of Big Business, tirelessly mushing through the file-armored corridors of 9 Rockefeller Plaza, fanned by ever-dancing memo-mammas, the explorers find that Business has been so busy studying communication media that it can no longer communicate, and this fact too must be communicated. (The word "communicate" is used in the new television sense of I-talk-and-you-buy; you-talk-and-I-can't-hear.) The communication experts are called in, the Group Attitudes Development Company, the prose engineers, the Group Dynamics mediators, the Readability electronicists all fly to find the bug and get B. B. off the gobbledegookhook. Big Business is resolved to sell Free Enterprise to the Free Enterpriser who, through some mysterious flaw in the channel, refuses to stop his Buick for a lecture on his inalienable right to a Buick. The American Way must be sold to Americans as if it was something that had to be unloaded on the suckers before it molded in the warehouses. The directors have met and the minutes record that the resolution was passed for Big Business to Turn on the Charm with a capital gain.

Mr. Whyte & Co. produce many typical samples of B. B.'s idea of "communicating" Americanism to Americans, from the stately institutional ad with its recapitulation of capitalistic capsules to the crackerbarrel interchange between barefoot lad and Old Galway Sluggers. But if the communication lines were really working the persuasion used would scare the average citizen to the other ends of the earth. The picture of You, Mr. Average American, as Big Business wants you to be, is an insult that wipes away the pleasant glow of the boss's Good Morning. What the prose engineers are knocking themselves gaga in all innocence to tell you, is that to be an American means to be an honest fellow, too unspoiled by your college education to understand big words, too decent to put your family and private ambition before that of the company's, too noble to notice other employees' defections without reporting them, too *American* an American to use your own brain resisting the Planned Mediocrity program set up by the kindly social engineers for the "cultural orchestration of the attitudes and motivations of an entire nation."

This American doll-man created by the Free Enterprise propagandists has a doll-wife, too, preferably not too smart, who can shut her eyes and shut her mouth, because if she doesn't the community "clinician" will "screen" her by means of "projective" techniques and depth interviewing. "Not a genuine American doll" will be the verdict, and husband, for purposes of optimum security, will lose his chance at one of the top slots in the corporation. This slightly subnormal doll-wife, as Mr. Whyte shrewdly points out, has been glorified consistently in the big women's magazines lately, the general plot being that the lean, crooked-smiling young public-relations hero would rather look after her himself than have her committed, and besides it's hard for a guy to find a wife dumber than he is. I wonder if the polling of wives' opinions on husbands' jobs didn't include too many of these new fiction wives. The live crop of young business men's wives on view around the country right now are definitely not nitwits. In the fictional America of Big Business those wives who show too much initiative at office parties or don't fit into the cookie-cutter are pegged "retrograde wives." Sometimes the situation is deftly handled by sending the husband on extended trips where he may find a more acceptable replacement. Sometimes the integrative leaders, endowed with

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Charles Callan Tansill is Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. As technical adviser to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee from 1918 to 1928, and a respected scholar in the field of diplomatic history, he is uniquely qualified to give an adequately documented account of the steps which led to our entrance into the second world war.

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miraculous objectivity, decide the wife can be cured of resenting her husband's business trips and late work by a generous grooming at the company's special "finishing" school. Shades of Susan B. Anthony!

Mr. Whyte blames "businessese," the meaningless jargon of Big Business, for its failure to communicate with human beings. The tangy phrases are used to fill in dead air until there is no meaning left, but isn't this a good thing? The constant hum of the language of diplomacy, Tin Pan Alley, and Business is the foam-rubber mat to save the unwary, the comforting support for the insecure. If a silence ever came there is the danger that someone might say something.

Mr. Whyte, himself hamstrung by Groupthink, presents the picture of Big Business in a spirit of brotherly kidding, and the criticism occasionally permitted has an affectionate ring. Chuckling fondly, corporation heads will reproduce sections for house organs and Christmas calendars and even discover new angles in paternalistic patterns. One thing is certain, this glossy record by American Business about America will be more gleefully received by American-Way-haters abroad than any novel about depravity in our lower depths.

DAWN POWELL

A Peculiar Genius

EMILY DICKINSON. By Richard Chase. William Sloane Associates. $4.

THIS newest volume in the American Men of Letters Series is without a doubt one of the best. Mr. Chase is a critic who is not carried away; in fact he makes a distinct point of not being carried away. The result is a critical biography that is reasonable and readable, an untransported study of a poet who, in the history of American literature, has transported more people than you can shake a stick at.

Any intelligent reader who takes the trouble to thumb through the fifteen hundred or more published poems of Emily Dickinson will agree with Mr. Chase that the critic's starting point must be a statement of her extraordinary badness. No other great poet has managed to equal Emily Dickinson's production of banal, stupid, disorganized, downright insufferable verse; poem after poem thumps on the page, a rain of stricken sparrows, with scarcely a live meter or moving image among them. Yet in spite of this one agrees too with Mr. Chase's final estimate: "A dozen or two of Emily Dickinson's poems are unrivaled; perhaps fifty can claim a kinship with the best of English lyric verse." (The first half of this statement, one knows from the context, refers only to American literature.)

Emily Dickinson was a genius, then, of a very peculiar sort—a genius who was largely incapable of exploiting her own abilities, who was unable to make anything coherent or workable out of her cultural heritage or her own experience, whose personal life was broken, or at least bent, by the minutest imaginable hardships. In large areas of art and thought she was ignorant and even insensitive. Though she was a distinctly private poet, and though it is often instructive to compare her with Blake, her personal vision failed in both range and intensity to support anything like the Blakean cosmos.

To explain the qualities of Emily Dickinson's genius many writers have resorted to the invention of tumultuous love affairs or traumatic family experiences. Mr. Chase shows that such inventions, which dangerously exceed the

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reliable evidence, are neither justifiable nor necessary. In a number of skilful passages, he presents the thought of mid-nineteenth-century America for precisely what it was—a rag bag of sentimentality, metaphysical incoherence, ethical and social destitution, and intellectual laziness or quackery in every sphere. He speculates, without going beyond the evidence of letters, diaries, etc., on how and through whom the elements of this culture impinged on the poet's mind. Finally, he analyzes the poems to determine how, among the successes, the poet managed a fusion of her experience with whatever rigor she derived from her dual Calvinist and transcendentalist inheritance, and how also, among the many failures, the aesthetic and intellectual indiscipline of her time prevented such a fusion.

This is not a whole biography. One must still turn to George Whicher's "This Was a Poet" for a dependable account of Emily Dickinson's life. Mr. Chase has given us instead an account of the New England predicament in the last century, a study of the struggle—largely unrealized, and for that reason singularly desperate, in the case of Emily Dickinson—against incoherence, incommunicability, and madness. Mr. Chase has perhaps discovered no new element in this struggle, but he has given us an exceedingly clear and incisive account of it, and he has shown how Emily Dickinson, in her own way, was as sharply engaged in the contest as her contemporaries, Hawthorne, Melville, and James. In addition, his reading of the poet's works is the closest and best that we have so far.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Books in Brief

SPARTA. By H. Michell. Cambridge University Press. $7. Hedging nearly every statement with a meticulous scholastic caution which becomes almost comical in the long run, Professor Michell nevertheless manages to convey not only all that is known about the Spartans but also much of the conflicting surmise. The Spartans, it appears, had some admirable institutions but were on the whole a rather dull lot, leaving behind them one magnificent epitaph, and a legend—the one about the boy and the fox—whose authenticity appears to rest on very dubious evidence. The book has the usual apparatus of footnotes (copious), bibliography, and index; a good map or two would have been a help.

CAESAR. By Gérard Walter. Translated from the French by Emma Craufurd. Edited by Thérèse Pol. Scribner's. $5. Subtitled "The Story of a Momentous Life, a Mighty Personality," this is a heavy, long, dull book. Mighty the subject's personality may be, but obviously one which the author dislikes extremely. An exhaustive bibliography which lists some twenty operas written about Julius Caesar overlooks Bernard Shaw's play. Neither the illustrations nor the maps are immediately significant; the most valuable feature of the book would seem to be its thoroughness in listing other works of reference.

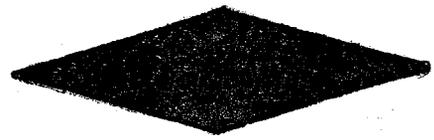
Drama Note

The Loft Players' imaginative and sensitive revival of Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke" at 5 Sheridan Square eclipses a good deal of what is being offered uptown these days. The direction, handled by José Quintero, is crisp and tidy and gives the characterization a sharpness and beauty it lacked in the Broadway production. Geraldine Page, who plays the heroine, is one of the most talented newcomers to appear in New York in a long while. C. H.

Art

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

THE most interesting of the current shows is Fifteen Americans, at the Museum of Modern Art (through July 6). Enough of the work of each of fifteen artists is displayed to give a fair sample of recent accomplishment. This is in no sense a group show. The variety is, in fact, a little bewildering; but the present assortment should be added to several other such exhibitions which the Museum has put on over the years. The policy of showing a few artists at a time and showing them well has great advantages—if artists not yet represented will agree to be patient. The alternative seems to be the Whitney type of affair, which makes sense only if you



who walk in darkness

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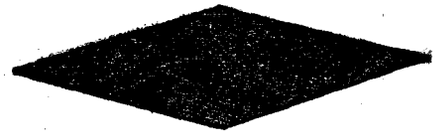

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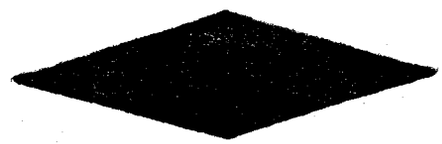

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bring a good deal of knowledge with you. Fifteen Americans is precisely the sort of show which helps provide such knowledge. The two systems complement each other very well.

Skirting democratic diplomacy, I shall select from the Fifteen those whose work seems to me to be impressive. But not before taking a crack at some of the statements made for the catalogue by the artists or by their apologists. Herbert Ferber is admirably lucid on the space-piercing propensities of sculpture he admires; Herbert Katzman, Herman Rose, and William Baziotes are all refreshingly modest; Irving Kriesberg is engagingly clever; and Edward Corbett's statement is a model of conciseness ("I intend my work as poetry"). The other statements, or most of them, are impenetrable, obfuscating, solemn, arrogant, and badly written. Once you ask for a statement, I suppose you are stuck with it. This collection ought to convince Dorothy Miller, who organized the show, that she should have written the text to the catalogue instead of limiting herself to a purely general and unarguable preface. She could surely have improved on Clyfford Still, who despises tradition and considers that "demands for communication are both presumptuous and irrelevant." And on Joseph Glasco, who says he would like to live in a world where "the instincts are allowed to flow as freely as with any other animal." What arty nonsense!

Jackson Pollock and Bradley Walker Tomlin seem to me to be the stars of this show. In each, an individual style is powerfully marked and the effect is least derivative from other artists. Kirchner, de Segonzac, Maurice Prendergast, William Chase, and the Whistler of the Nocturnes are all stalking these corridors of the Museum of Modern Art. But Pollock and Tomlin are immediately identifiable on their own, more so than some of the others who have torn loose from representation, but whose style is soft, or at least passive. Pollock's centrifugal rhythms are laced together on the top layer of his canvases by repeats of a sort of treble-clef motive which forces the eye along in big, easy sequences. The best comparison, if it has not already been made, would be to medieval Irish manuscripts (Book of Kells) and to the carved wooden ornament of Norwegian churches. Tomlin is more serene, but his work is less photogenic (he suffers in reproduction) because its resonance depends on color harmonies at close value ranges. The array of greens in Number 18 (1950) rivals that in a late Klee (Green on Green). In these two painters I note a contrasting development: Pollock is moving away from a *horror vacui* which used to be, in works earlier than those shown, much too constricting; while Tomlin is apparently moving toward it. The former has discovered that his cramped labyrinth needs air; the latter dovetails his forms more cohesively with, I think, a loss of the boldness of the larger works of 1949 and 1950. Some of his best work is marred by the drip, or drool, of too liquid pigment. These accidents are cleverly exploited by Pollock, as they were by Hokusai, but in the same Number 18 by Tomlin they blur the squared-off character of the design. If, as I believe, he is Braque to Pollock's Picasso, he should purify his affinity to the great architectonic Frenchman.

Baziotes and Corbett depend heavily on atmospheric effects, in a sort of psychological impressionism. Baziotes' bold shapes save his work from going amorphous. He is eloquent in glowing green-and-violet tonalities, but the bright apple-green cat on a middle-gray ground is unusually gay. Rothko leaves such unbroken expanses of pure color to wander in that I find it nearly impossible to avoid daydreaming. I am enough of a fuddy-duddy to insist on communication, Clyfford Still to the contrary notwithstanding. And Still's work, which reminds me unexpectedly of Augustus Vincent Tack, has an outrageous lack of conciseness. He puts the whole symphony orchestra on the stage for a single *tutti*.

In recent sculpture I don't remember anything more monumental and at the same time more poignant than Herbert Ferber's metal construction for the Millburn Synagogue (". . . and the bush was not consumed"). Richard Lippold, who works in metal rods and wires, speaks of the spider's web in his statement, and it is an apt simile for his beautiful Full Moon. (Was there an eclipse at the Harvard Graduate Center?)

Herbert Katzman is still young, and his European and New York landscapes heave with life. It is a good sign, but I hope that in his Paris sojourn he discovered Poussin as Cézanne did. We could use a Poussin today.

Among the one-man shows that will remain open through May 10, I recommend Maud Morgan's at the Betty Parsons Gallery. One picture, Counterpoints, impressed me more than the rest by its force of design. Marie Laurencin's dusted pallor is a danger she does not always escape, but Emergence (of yel-

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low out of slate blue) emerges fully from it.

Curt Valentin has an interesting retrospective of Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938), which also closes May 10. It is remarkable how the paintings of 1907 stand out above the rest. Painters over twenty-seven, beware!

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

TO LAST year's RCA Victor recording of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique played by Monteux with the San Francisco Symphony (a new LP recording, not, as I thought, a dubbing of the 78) Columbia now adds one of a performance by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and London one of a performance by Van Beinum with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. The Victor record offers a decidedly less-than-first-rate orchestra conducted by a less-than-first-rate musician; and though the recorded sound has the characteristic Victor warmth and luster it is made coarse and noisy in climaxes by excessive reverberation. The Columbia offers a great orchestra in a performance which indulges in vehement, lurid intensification of Berlioz's every nuance; and these excesses are made worse by the close-range reproduction. The London offers another great orchestra playing with beautiful sensitiveness in a performance whose only defect is the ignoring of some of Berlioz's nuances of tempo; but the recorded sound, though spacious, is dry and a little dim (the drums at the end of the fourth movement are not clear). Choice is difficult; but I would choose the London.

On another London record Van Beinum conducts the Concertgebouw in a fine performance of Mozart's charming Symphony K.319, and a performance of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony in which the first movement is too slow. Violins are dry and bass must be reduced; otherwise the sound is excellent.

Another charming Mozart work, the Serenade K. 320 ("Posthorn"), is played on a London record by Maag with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande. One hears refinements of orchestral and musical execution which Sternberg doesn't achieve in the Haydn Society performance; but the recorded sound is veiled and edged, and bass must be reduced. Choice again is difficult; but I would choose the Maag performance.

The wonderful Ricercare in six parts from Bach's "The Musical Offering," arranged for strings by Edwin Fischer, is excellently performed by Münchinger with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. Also on the London record are similar arrangements of the Fugue of the great G minor Fantasia and Fugue and a Fugue in A minor (why not rather the G minor Fantasia?), and Beethoven's Great Fugue Opus 133, which is played too slowly. Violins are dry and bass must be reduced; otherwise the sound is excellent.

Beecham's slowed-up performance of Chabrier's "España" with the Royal Philharmonic on a Columbia record is something to skip. Better played is the pleasantly inconsequential Overture to Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio."

The Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'or" and the equally engaging Capriccio Espagnol are well performed on a Capitol record by Desormière with the French National Symphony. The sound of the first piece is less brilliant than that of the second, and has a few bass notes missing in the Prelude.

Toscanini's performance with the N. B. C. Symphony of Gershwin's "An American in Paris" has been issued by Victor on 45 rpm; and listened to by itself it is very exciting; but listening afterwards to Leonard Bernstein's performance one hears how much the piece gains by his slower pacing of it. Not only is the opening the leisurely saunter it should be, but there is time for details to make an effect they don't have in Toscanini's performance. Played through the Victor 45 rpm reproducer I had to step up the treble of my amplifier enormously.

The superb Dinu Lipatti performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto that Columbia issued on a 10-inch LP has been reissued on one side of a 12-inch, with Grieg's Piano Concerto on the other side; and the new transference has greatly improved the sound—though the last movement acquires a hash of distortion.

Toscanini's pre-war performance of Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 1 Overture with the B. B. C. Symphony—one of the finest he ever put on records, and one of the best-recorded—has been dubbed onto a Victor LP so skilfully that I can detect no difference between the copy and the original (except that the dubbing has a hum). With it are two other performances of the same period with the N. B. C. Symphony—of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the two movements of the Quartet Opus 135. The Fifth provides a fine example of Toscanini's relaxed, slower-paced, and spacious performances of that period, as against the swifter, tauter performance of the work, superbly effective in its own way, that he broadcast recently; and the dubbing achieves the remarkable feat of eliminating most of the unpleasant noisy coarseness and harshness of the original sound and losing only a little bass in the first movement. And finally another outstanding performance, the one of the "Prometheus" Overture recorded in 1944, whose dubbed sound is excellent.

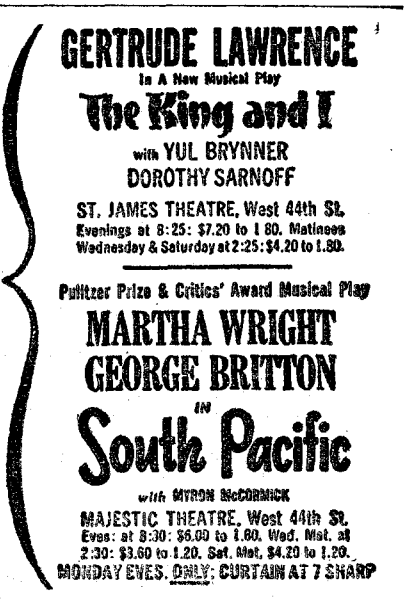
On another LP is a dubbing of the beautiful performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony that Toscanini recorded with the B. B. C. Symphony. The original sound was itself not clean on top; and the dubbed sound is better with treble reduced a bit. Bass also must be reduced.

CONTRIBUTORS

IRVING HOWE is the author of "Sherwood Anderson" and co-author of "The U. A. W. and Walter Reuther."

DAWN POWELL, author of "A Time to Be Born," has a new book appearing in June, "Sunday, Monday and Always."

HAYDEN CARRUTH is associate editor of the University of Chicago Press.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Letters to the Editors

Joe McCarthy Performs at Smith

Dear Sirs: Your readers might be interested in learning how Smith College students reacted to a visit from Senator Joe McCarthy, who spoke at Northampton on April 10. In a packed auditorium, waving handfuls of "raw, harsh facts" and "cold, documented truth," the Senator from Wisconsin attacked Secretary Acheson, Philip Jessup, and other "subversives" with a brand of logic which made some of the members of the audience wince. Senator McCarthy's denunciation of Lawrence K. Rosinger, whom many of the Senator's audience had heard speak at Smith in a series of talks on Asia, was greeted with hisses. The feeling of the Smith students was pretty well summarized by an editorial, A Circus Comes to Town, which appeared the following day in *Scan,* the Smith College newspaper. It read in part:

Did Mr. McCarthy forget he was speaking to an educated audience and not barking at a circus? To a college steeped in objectivism his dogmatic presentation of "infallible" material extracted from diverse investigations seemed reminiscent of the Inquisition. . . . His categorizing of government officials in Washington into the stereotypes of villain and hero typified methods which should have died with the medieval morality play. . . . We realize that there *may* be communism in our government and, if so, that everyone should be aware of it and informed about it, but we are afraid McCarthy is making more enemies than converts to his cause. The muckrakers of the nineteenth century served the purpose of calling the attention of public opinion to the need of reform. If McCarthy is fulfilling the same purpose he may gain our support, but as long as he resorts to methods suited to the circus we reserve the right to act as a circus audience, a response which was much in evidence last evening.

Having used the methods he has in destroying the reputations and careers of not a few honest men, it struck many in the audience that it was rather incongruous for McCarthy to end his speech by making a plea for a world in which the rights of all people would be respected.

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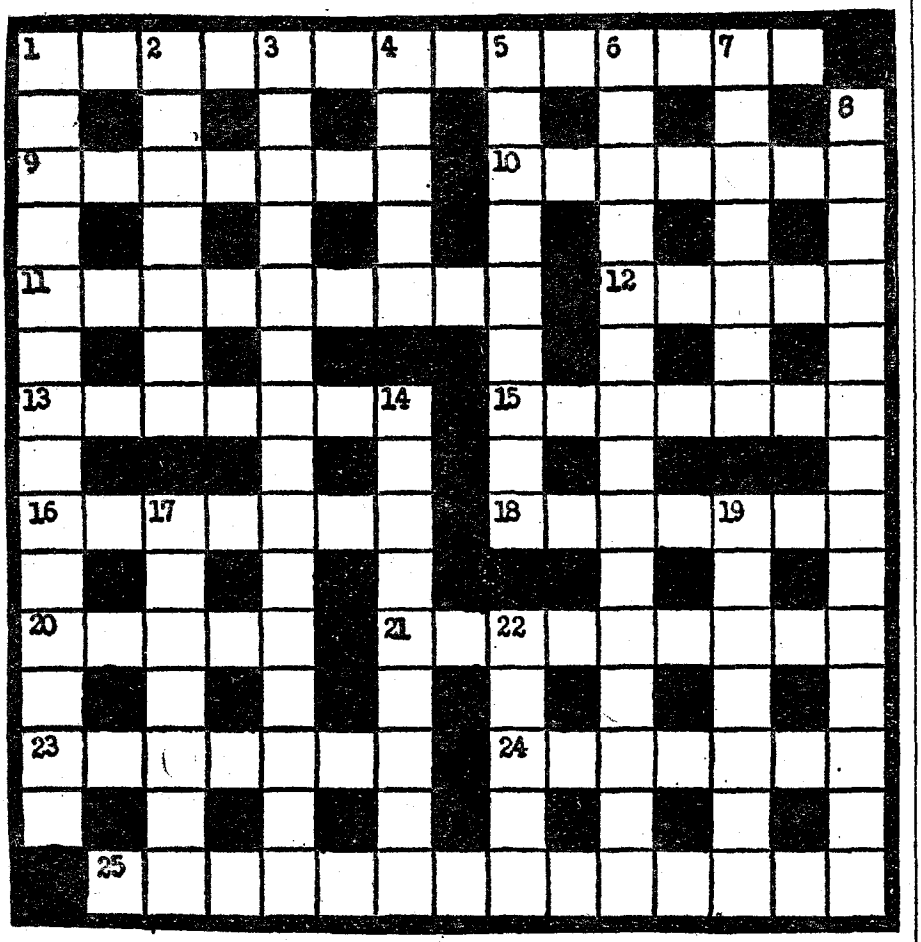
Crossword Puzzle No. 464

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The sort of greatness one attaches to high command. (5, 9)
9 Look back in a sort of Christmas song—the middle leaves. (7)
10 How you can tell the middle of 1 down hurried back to charge. (7)
11 Its subject isn't quick enough to read it. (9)
12 Implies I was in the van with an empty head, but probably shiny. (5)
13 They might create a scene as part of a Confederacy. (7)
15 It might fit under a blazer. (7)
16 Rags one patches up to make instruments of war. (7)
18 It's the gentleman of the family who's noisy! (7)
20 Still around like ferment. (5)
21 Cover the road back, to make a speech dry. (9)
23 Well-suited, perhaps, or in a good beginning for 25. (7)
24 As an extra clue for 16, they're also these. (7)
25 Is what they do habit-forming? (5, 9)

DOWN

1 Would the author of "Twice Told Tales" be such a criminal? (6, 5, 3)
2 Continental Can has a sort of fair beginning. (7)
3 True cares of well meaning people. (6, 9)
4 There's something about Sheraton that's reminiscent of the classics. (5)
5 You're likely to bag things with it. (5, 4)
6 The job of a song arranger? (3, 12)
7 Perhaps suitable quarters for a bloodhound! (7)
8 Do women usually appear well-groomed with them? (7, 7)
14 Unless a murderer's sentence is, he might be. (9)
17 Apt to be found in sort of a red converter. (7)
19 Help up the low-born—it's hard! (7)
22 The way to get a good collection, it's said in some churches. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 463

ACROSS:—1 SWEET TOOTH; 6 AMID; 10, 24, 9 down FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE; 11 SPHERES; 12 PILLIONS; 13 GOOSE; 15 PANIC; 17 TERRAPINS; 19 INSHRINED; 21 ELMAN; 23 GATUN; 27 AIRPUMP; 28 and 29 DIAMONDBACK; 30 WINDLASSES.

DOWN:—1 SIFT; 2 EROSION; 3 TOTAL; 4 and 9 ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE; 5 TASKS; 6 MARCONI; 8 DISPERSING; 14 SPRING LAMB; 16 CORUNDUM; 18 RED-HANDED; 20 SATYRIC; 22 MATRONS; 24 CAPRI; 25 LLAMA; 26 ADDS.

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